The Young CITY MERCHANT,
turn'd *Spittle*-Fields POULTERER;

11630.c.13
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OR,

Who will Buy My CONIES?

A

DIALOGUE

BETWEEN

Mr. TWIST, *a Weaver, and,* A Young MERCHANT.

K

Stultitiam Patiuntur Opes — Hor.

——————This makes the People ſtare,
This makes them ask, What is he? whence came he?
What was his Father, what his Family?
Actions ſpeak him baſe, and of mean Degree. *Anonym.*

LONDON:

Printed for J. H. HUBBARD, in the *Old-Bailey*.

M DCC XLII.

(Price Six-Pence.)

BRITISH MUSEUM

The Young CITY MERCHANT, &c.

SCENE, *Pater-noſter*-Row in *Spittle*-Fields.

Enter MR. TWIST, *a Weaver, and a Young* MERCHANT.

MR. TWIST.

SO! Young Gentleman; how do you do? what News in the City?

MERCHANT.

Why, Mr. *Twiſt*, nothing New, the old Complaints; little Trade, leſs Money, the *Spaniards* ſtill taking our Ships;—I believe by-and-by we ſhall be ſo reduced, that we ſhall be glad to ſerve the King either as Soldiers or Sailors.

MR. TWIST.

Pooh! Pooh!——— ſuch a one as you complain, worth ſo many Thouſands; a poor Weaver can do no more!——Such a Speech from a Man of your Wealth, in this Part of the Town, is only inſulting our Indigency.

MERCHANT.

No indeed! I don't do it with any ſuch Deſign; but as I told you before, little Trade, and the Intereſt of Money ſo low, one lays hold of all Opportunities to turn a Penny; ſo have got into another Buſineſs in this Part of the Town, and when you hear what it is, you will perhaps wonder at it.

MR. TWIST.

Pri'thy, what is it?

MERCHANT.

Gueſs?

MR. TWIST.

A Weaver;

MERCHANT.

No!

Mr. TWIST.

MR. TWIST.

A Throwſter;

MERCHANT.

No!

MR. TWIST.

A Dyer;

MERCHANT.

No! why to keep you no longer in ſuſpence, it is a *Poulterer.*

Mr. TWIST.

A *Poulterer!* in the Name of Good Luck, why a *Poulterer?* ha! ha! ha! you are joking;

MERCHANT.

No, indeed! Mr. *Twiſt*, I have many good Reaſons —— when you hear them you will ſay I have a very long Head;——for tho' People take me for a ſilly Fellow, I'll ſhow them I am very cunning ——now you ſhall ſee how comically Things come about; and what gave a Firſt Motive to my Deſign——why, about a Year and a Half ago, I was obliged to convey ſome Rubbiſh into the Country in a covered Waggon: The Maſter that produced the Carriage told me, if I had it hung round with Pictures and little Things like Flags, that

that it would not only look very handſome, but protect it from Highwaymen; that moſt of the Gentry had ſuch——ay! by all Means, let us look like the Gentry, coſt what it will. But then there was a Difficulty to get over; for he told me, I muſt take great Care not to have the ſame Picture any Gentleman had already got, for if I did I run the Hazard of being kick'd and cuff'd and toſs'd in a Blanket. ——Well! I nam'd all the Things I could think of; but could not hit of what was proper; he then asked what I thought of a Gooſe? that a Gooſe was what few or none had;——Ay, come then, we will have a Gooſe; ſo I order'd a Gooſe to be painted.

Mr. Twist

I'll humour his Nonſence to hear more of his Exploits [*aſide*] well! and ſo what then;

Merchant.

Why then I'll tell you Mr. *Twiſt*, for you don't hear half yet; you will be ſtruck dumb with Admiration when you hear all!——why while the Gooſe was painting I was conſidering in what Poſture or Situation it ſhould be in, whither eating, ſh—g, or ſwimming; and 'gad I thought the [illegible] prettieſt; and eſpecially as a River came into my Head by a ſly Piece of Wit,——now! obſerve Mr. *Twiſt*——you muſt know there are certain foreign Appellations that by an Addition or Subſtraction make a different meaning; for Example *Rio* in *Spaniſh*, is River in *Engliſh*, whip! ſay I;—and kicked the *Spaniſh* out, and made it *Sterling*;——there was a thought for you—

but

but then again, as I never part with any thing without a valuable conſideration, I was reſolved to have a Pennyworth for my Penny, ——and my Name being ſo difficult to pronounce, and never mention'd without the Imputation of an Outlandiſhman, I reſolved to take the Gooſe's Name, and call myſelf Mr. GOOSE, which is a fit Name, and the Picture a fit Sign for a Poulterer.

MR. TWIST.

Well! I muſt ſay you have a fertile Head; a great many that had Brains might have ſpun them to packthread, and never had a thought like it——but yet, for all the Reaſons you have given, I can't ſee the Neceſſity of your being a *Poulterer*; you might be Mr. *Gooſe* without that.

MERCHANT.

Ay! Mr. *Twiſt*; but I will tell you, the Stock was in a manner bequeathed me to get rid of it, which when I have done I will retire into the Country, and go by the Name of *Nizay Gooſe*, Eſq; and I will, if I can, get to be a Juſtice o'Peace, for my Father [illegible] have been one but he did not underſtand *Latin*, but I do; as you [illegible]all hear, *Vireſqui acquirit eundo!*——do you underſtand that Mr. *Twiſt?*

MR. TWIST.

No! I don't underſtand *Latin*. I begin to be tired with this Stuff. [*Aſide*]

MERCHANT.

I'll tell you what it means,——why it means;——it is a Sort of Admiration; an Inquiry, as much as to ſay, that every body is inquiring from whence I have ſo much Wit; for theſe fine Things come from me at Random;——as now again——why I reſolve, the Gooſe, and the River ſhall be my Arms;——who can match me that Thought?——but I muſt acquaint you, as you are a Friend, of a ſeverer Chaſtiſement that had lik'd to have happened to me t'other Day—I am hardly now out of my Fright—Why I had a Mind to introduce Things by Degrees; and ſo got a Gooſe and a River engraved on a Seal, but unfortunately the Blockhead of the Engraver made the Gooſe with a long Neck, that it look'd ſomething like a Swan—being at the Coffeehouſe cloſing a Letter, a Gentleman ſaw the Seal, and very pertinently, with a ſtern Countenance, ask'd what right I had to that Coat? Coat! ſaid I, looking at that I had on my back; why I bought the Cloth and paid for it.—D—n you for a Scoundrel, I mean the Coat of Arms—then asked me my Name: I ingenuouſly told him, which put him into a confounded Paſſion;—he called me Mongrel, asked me how I dared to preſume to take the Coat of Arms of one of the beſt Family's in *England*, talk'd of Blazonry, Field Azure, and abundance of cramp Things that I underſtood no more than a Poſt; in ſhort, he was ſo outrageous, I expected, every Minute, to have my Head broke——but Fortune favour'd me, and Neceſſity obliged me to appeal to two Gentlemen, then preſent, for their Opinion

(a thing

(a thing I can't but by conſtraint comply with, being very fond of my own) Whether it was a Swan or a Gooſe? on a ſtrict Examination of its Phyz and mine * they agreed 'twas moſt like a Gooſe, ſo I got off; —but now for a Thought,——ſuch a piece of ſublime Wit——ha! ha! ha! hi! hi! hi! ho! ho! ho! I believe I ſhall die with Laughing; I am ſure all the Wits at *Tom*'s will admire it.

MR. TWIST.

Pray let's have it quickly, I muſt be going;—There's an old Saying, and a true one, there's no Fool ſo troubleſome as a rich ſelf-conceited Fool.——[*aſide*]

MERCHANT.

But you muſt promiſe me, Mr. *Twiſt*, you will not be Thunder ſtruck—why doubtleſs you have ſeen under the Coat of Arms ſome Writing, in *Latin* or *French*, they call that a Motto; and I will have one in *French*, which ſhall be, *Je ſuis une Oie*, that is, in *Engliſh*, *I am a Gooſe*. This will ſave all Diſputes for the Future.

MR. TWIST.

Certainly you have a particular Genius——but now as to your Shop ——what are you to give a Year for it.

* His PHYZ is not only remarkably ugly, but may be eaſily known by two Conical Streaks deſcending from each Noſtril.

MERCHANT.

Why! I reckon Rent, Taxes, the Charge of a Servant, altogether will be about 36, or 40 l. a Year.

MR. TWIST.

How!——you will never ſave yourſelf, if you was to ſell as much Poultry as all the Poulterers in the Place——conſider what a ſight of Fowls, Ducks, Geeſe, *&c.* you muſt ſell to get that Money.

MERCHANT.

Ha! ha! ha! hi! hi! I can't help laughing; not ſo faſt good Man, I have only a Couple of Conies to diſpoſe of *.

MR. TWIST.

How! only a couple of Conies, and be at near 40 l. a Year charge, ——in the Name of Good Luck, what are theſe Conies?——what, are they Outlandiſh?

MERCHANT.

They are ſomething of an outlandiſh Kind——they are the.—— "hold! I was going to tell a deviliſh Lie——but now I think of it "I have heard my Mother's Mother's eldeſt Daughter ſay, *&c.*——

* Two Old Luſtful Creatures, one Sixty three, and the other Forty ſix Years old.

I am

" I'm ſure ſhe knows it——that one might tell Lies for one's In-" tereſt, and ſo I will too;" [*aſide*] Why they are the youngeſt pret-tieſt, tendereſt, good-natured, loving Things upon the Face of the Earth.——I'll tell you, Mr. *Twiſt*, I was glad to meet you; I have a Propoſal to make.——Now; you are a ſingle Man, and you ſhall have one of theſe Conies; and your Son's a ſingle Man, and he ſhall have the other, and I will give with them Provender for a Year or two; (for I begin to be damnably tired of them, they have hung already above ſix months on me; ſo I ſhall get them off my Hands.[*aſide*] Where you to hear them talk they would charm you, and to ſee how prettily they twirl their Mouths and Noſes; their meaning is doubly ſignified.

MR. TWIST

What! what! what! all this——Conies talk?

MERCHANT.

Talk! talk! like Furies, faſter than Parrots or Magpies, from Morning to Night.

MR. TWIST.

Pooh! Pooh! they can never be Conies——you have ſome other meaning——pray whereabouts is this Shop or Houſe.

MERCHANT.

Why! yonder, there; [*pointing*] they are a Couple of Maiden Does I can aſſure you.

MR. TWIST.

Now I ſee what this Fellow would be at; outdacious Jackanapes—Men of my Age are not to be caught by ſuch Milk Sops;———but he's beneath my Anger; [*aſide*] Are theſe your Conies or Maiden Does?—I remember, a few Years ago, they drew a worthy Friend of mine to ſee them; they infected him with ſuch a ſtrong Smell, ſuch a *haut gout*, that ſeveral of his Friends ſpoke to him about it, and he never went from them to his own Family, but it obliged them to keep their Handkerchiefs up to their Noſes; I have it from good Hands, it coſt him an hundred Pounds to be cured;—I, and my Son are much obliged to you, but would as ſoon harbour all the Screach Owls and Polecats in the Country, as your Maiden Does; hark'e Mr. *Gooſe*, or 'Squire *Gooſe*, carry your Bargain farther a Field, for they have been ſo turn'd, examined, and turn'd again for 30 Years, and lately by all that would, young or old, that they are ready to ſhake to pieces; they will never go off here but for old ſtinking Carrion; ſo, good b'ye *Nizay Gooſe*, Eſq; [*Exit.*

[Merchant *appears in a Surprize, and, after a long Silence, gives a Shrug with his Shoulders and ſays in* French,

Cet homme eſt fou, ceſt un Brutal, hola!
Ceſt un-vray Anglois—il ne penſe par.

———I'll go to my Fencing School. [*Exit.*

11. 7. 49

FINIS.